

THE ADVOCATES FIRST PLEA.

BY GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON.

ALL and ungainly, young and self-conscious, he walked into the crowded court room, fresh from the law school, utterly without advice or experience. His pale boyish features were the fresh of knowledge that every one was looking at him. Convinced that he was creating an unusual stir among the old and staid lawyers, the straight-laced bailiffs and the habitual hangers-on, he took a seat at one of the broad tables and assumed that posture of importance attained only by extreme youth.

By his side was another youth, not over 16, fair, roundly and comely. It may seem strangely coincident that on the day Edward Gray first entered the court room as a full-fledged attorney his younger brother should be

have \$35 that night. I had been gambling and had to pay my losses or be kicked out of the club—I belong to the Bear club."

Frank heard this statement with growing wonder. He straightened up in his chair and allowed his astonished eyes to wander from the witness to the prisoner, on whose face there was a look of hopeless misery. Then his own sturdy frame stiffened, his honest blue eyes flashed from beneath a flushed brow, and his strong young voice cried out boldly:

"He didn't say that at all. He said—"

"Silence!" shouted the astonished court, and two bailiffs hurried toward the prisoner threateningly. His brother half started from his chair with the shock he had received, his cheek flushing and then blanching, as if a sort of terror had seized upon his heart.

honor, upon me should be cast all the blame, all the indignation, reproaches brought about by this unfortunate occurrence. It was I who, knowing full well the conduct he should have pursued during the hours when justice reigns, refused, through an unbrotherly exaltation of my own superiority, to respond to his eager questions when he sought for information. I revealed in my knowledge and in his ignorance."

"He had never seen a court room before; knew nothing of its rules, its exactions. In my miserable heart I felt that I was unkind to him, but my foolish pedestal was too high to allow me to come down to him in his helplessness. It was, perhaps, an added fault of mine that I told him to tell the truth only while here, a fault, I say, Your Honor, because he needed no such caution, no such insult from one

who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncontrolled honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules he knew nothing, may I please Your Honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth."

"I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion. Judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent and resentful, and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fibre, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunates courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity, why, I never heard of such a thing!" blurted the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. The court concluded his exclamation, the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you damned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose face a gleam of triumph shone. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court, you have outraged the bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your manner. From your attitude of indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst, I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon the table and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother, who had been so long absent, came toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from his throat. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs were braced, and the other, with words clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them:

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother, my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your

School Girls' Names and Class Reunions.

(BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.)

DOROTHY, Agnes, Katharine, Mary, Gladys, Helen, Florence, Gertrude, Elizabeth, Grace, Anne, Marion, Amy, Margaret, Constance, Edith, Alice, Ruth, Ethel; how pretty these names and others are, and how irresistibly they suggest the rosy-cheeked garden of girls. Nothing is prettier than a girl's name, except a girl herself. The names of girls are as sweet as flowers in bloom.

Who is queen in your class garden? Some girls are born with popular gifts, and have the magnetism that makes them leaders, and among these there is often one who is sure to be liked by everybody, and who excites the loyalty and admiration of the entire class. You know this to be true. In your class there is the clever girl who is always ready with an answer, and there is her opposite, the rather slow girl who cannot think what to say until the occasion has passed. There is the girl whose claim to distinction is her beauty. She is so pretty that the class is proud of her. Another girl wears beautiful dresses and becoming hats, and yet another has a manner that is so gentle and refined that it wins praise from every one.

In a class of twenty-five or thirty girls there will always be as many different characters. For though to the casual observer they look much alike, to one who studies them they are very different. Just as no two children in

a family are precisely similar, and no two days in the year are altogether alike, so no two girls conform together in every particular.

The difference saves the class from monotony. Although thirty girls have the same lessons and come under the same discipline, their natural characteristics are not crushed. A rose is always a rose, and a lily is always a lily.

Who is the queen of your class garden? Will you venture to say that she is the girl most worthy of the honor, most lovable, most unselfish and most devoted to maintaining a high ideal of girlhood in the intercourse of the school room?

In passing, we may note that the names of the girls in your class are much the prettier on account of the quaint dignity which invests them, and forbids their being superseded by diminutives in public. Class catalogues used to show as Minnie and Mamie, Kitties, Bessies, Trudies and Dollies. Now the sweet girl graduate permits no such license to be taken with her baptismal name. May I add that while pet names are very proper at home when used only by those who have loved you from the cradle, they are not to be tolerated on the lips of outsiders.

As for such names as Pet, Puss, Birdie and the like, they tell no girl after she has learned to walk; they are only fit for the cradle. I advise you, too, not to allow eccentricities of spelling in the class list or elsewhere. Kathryn is not so beautiful as Katherine, nor Edythe comparable with Edith, and so on. Spell the name according to time-honored usage. If you are so fortunate as to have been called Penelope, Priscilla

or Isabel insist on being addressed by the one pet name which in my judgment improves on the original is Nancy, which is a more fascinating name than the stately Anne. Jane, Jess and Jane are really the same name, all are beautiful, don't you think?

But about your class reunion. The girls in a high school graduating class have been together long enough to have a common fund of traditions, associations and anecdotes, on which they may draw. They have done the same work and enjoyed the same play for several years. It is the greatest of pities if, leaving the school room, they are obliged to give up another up. They ought to get together from time to time and have a pleasant afternoon, and once a year all who can should meet in a reunion. The best way is to have a luncheon at the house of one of the girls. To the expense of this feast let the class contribute. By the payment of a small annual fee, their will always be money enough in the treasury to meet such a demand. There should be a small annual fee, the fare, not forgetting the sweets that girls are fond of. As class reunions generally take place in the summer, there will be plenty of flowers to decorate the table. The artistic member of the class may paint the menu cards, or the place cards. Whoever is class president will take the head of the table, and she may or may not act as toastmistress. When the courses have been finished the toasts will be offered and girls who have been selected to forehand will speak to them. There is nothing difficult about this. Select any sentiment you like, something that has to do with the class history and the class peculiarities will awaken most sentiment, and merriment is what you want. Invite favorite teachers now and then.

Every class should have its own song, and when the time comes to break up all may rise and stand together singing the familiar strain. As time passes you will find that it is not quite so easy as at first to have a full meeting of the

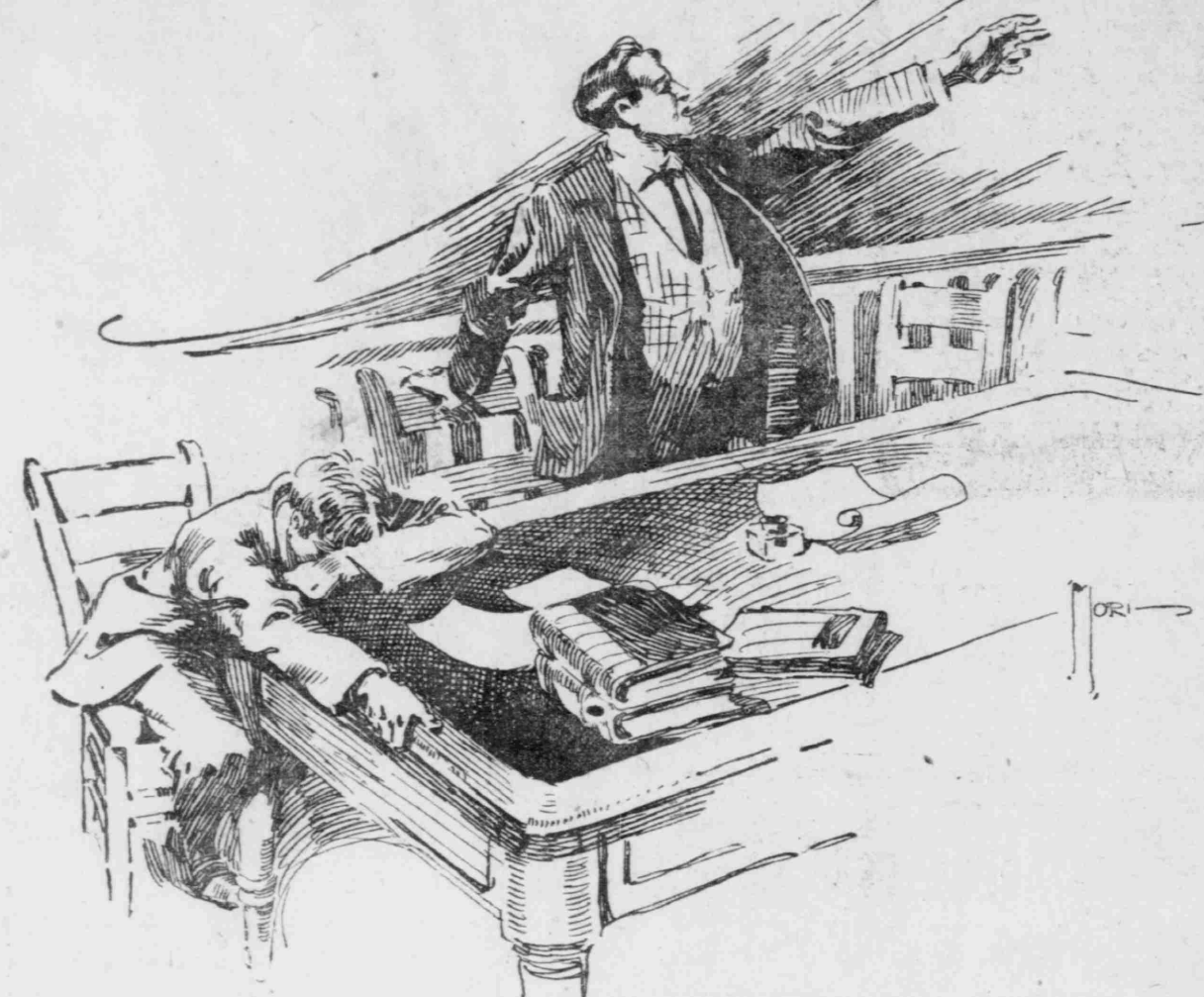
old girls. Some will be on the other side of the globe; some will be engaged in professional life or in business; some will be married. It is hard for you to think of golden-haired Edith as a doctor, or brown-eyed Florence as a grave professor, or merry Dorothy as a traveler who shall write scientific books, or laughing Gertrude as a trained nurse. But you girls are not going to stand still. After you leave school you will find plenty to do, and the powers you bring to bear upon school work will find scope in careers of some kind. I hope for most of you the pleasant career of true womanhood may keep you close to the hearth and give you the joy of being home-makers. But though the class reunions may grow smaller they will vary from year to year, and they will always be very pleasant.

If it happen to be your duty to act as president or secretary or toastmistress do not worry about the way in which you may or may not carry out your duty. Girls are apt to be much too self-conscious. At the bottom of most of our embarrassments in life and most of our clumsiness lies the defect of thinking how we look and what other people may say about us.

If we can entirely overcome this failing we shall be winners in the game. In order that responsibility may be divided, it is a good plan for each class to elect several girls who may act as a committee and help one another to make the programme for any coming occasion.

The art of having a social function go off with a simple success. It should look spontaneous, but in reality there should be very careful antecedent preparation. When the house is built you take down the scaffolding; you do not want your scaffolding to be seen, but you do want your house to be built on good foundations. If there is in the class a shy girl or one who has had any great sorrow or trouble, always take pains to bring out the one and to give the other a specially good time.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



The Tall, Unsteady Figure of the Deserting Brother Arose.

there as a witness—a witness in a case wherein a man was being tried for forgery. The brothers had gone to the court room together, the elder leading the way with the importance of his position, the younger following in some trepidation, full of inquiry as to how he should act, what he should do. With superior indifference the attorney replied gruffly, affording the earnest interrogator but little satisfaction, no consolation and the assurance that he was going into a place where none but the greatest of men could enter.

When Frank Gray stepped into the big court room for the first time in his life he knew no more of its etiquette than if he had been a tutored savage. His magnificent brother, upon whom he looked with respect and awe, had told him nothing except that it was the home of justice, of truth and of dignity. Little did he know that the strutting attorney at whose heels he tagged was filled with fear for all the trembling in comparison with which his own was but a trifling flutter.

Ignorant as was the honest country lad, raw from the district school, unlearned in the ways of the great city proudly known as the county seat of a community whose total population did not exceed 50,000, he was not half so crude as the mighty brother felt himself at heart. His dignity was assumed, his impudence the fruit of a determined ambition, his superiority as feeble in reality as the years which marked his bare majority. But he assumed, he acted all three with the desperation of an unpracticed intelligence; he distressed himself with the wish that he could display in himself all that had taken others a lifetime to achieve—ability. Such is youth.

The cause on trial was of considerable importance. A cashier, holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment, had forged the name of a customer and had drawn the money, intending to replace it and destroy the check before discovery. His plans had gone awry, and he was arrested. Frank Gray, the boy, was in the store when the sergeant of police served the warrant on the cashier, and heard every word of the conversation which passed between them. He was subpoenaed, he was brought to court, he wished to disprove certain allegations made by the officer.

The boy was alarmed at the prospect, dreaming for nights before of the ordeal through which he expected to pass on that awful day when he faced the court. His brother merely—and sharply—instructed him to see to nothing but the truth was told—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The lad's honest, wondering blue eyes had barely become accustomed to the strangeness of his surroundings when he was suddenly seized upon by the hearing his brother's name called out by the metallic, rasping tones of the court's voice.

"Any motions, Mr. — Mr. —" (here the court leaned over and asked the nearest bailiff a question) "Mr. Gray."

"None, Your Honor," came the wee small voice of the mighty brother, notwithstanding the ponderous effort put forth to make the tones loud and firm.

"Then, bailiff, you may call the case of the state vs. Royal."

The usual preliminaries were rushed through, the indictment read, and the opening statement made by the prosecuting attorney before Frank quite understood what was happening. Several witnesses were introduced, examined and cross-examined, proving the fact that the signature was a forgery, and then the police sergeant was called to the stand.

The officer was asked to detail or to give in substance the conversation which had passed between him and Royal, the accused man. By this time young Gray was intensely interested, his ruddy face the picture of rapt attention. He drank in every word of the sergeant's story, approving it as remarkably accurate. In fact, he could hardly comprehend how the man remembered everything so clearly. His learned brother apparently ignored the case on trial, looking over the pages of a volume of reports with a very intellectual frown between his eyes.

"You may state, Sergeant Greeting, if possible, the exact reply of the defendant when you asked what cause required him to secure the money at that particular time," asked the counsel for the state.

"You want me to give his very words?"

"Well, sir, if you can."

"I ask to have this young man ejected from the court room," cried the state's attorney, sputtering in amazement. The sergeant of police looked guiltily defiant, the prisoner's face lit up, and a whole room full of people strained their necks to see the owner of the disturbing voice.

"Well, he lied; that's all! Mr. Royal didn't say that—he said he had to have it because his wife had been sick two months and the doctor wouldn't come to see her any more if he didn't pay him. I heard him say it, judge," cried Frank, his heart now beating with a fright which strove to overpower the truth that struggled to his indignation.

"Take him from the room, sheriff! I never heard of such impudence!" cried the outraged judge. "I never did in all my life."

"But I'm a witness," stammered Frank, a surly resentment taking possession of him. He was looking at the judge manfully.

"That's enough, sir! Is it possible that you do not know enough to observe order in a court room? Where do you come from? I shall attend to your case in a few moments, sir. You cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity, why, I never heard of such a thing!" blurted the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. The court concluded his exclamation, the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you damned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose face a gleam of triumph shone. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court, you have outraged the bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your manner. From your attitude of indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst, I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon the table and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother, who had been so long absent, came toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from his throat. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs were braced, and the other, with words clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them:

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother, my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your

who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncontrolled honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules he knew nothing, may I please Your Honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth."

"I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion. Judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent and resentful, and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fibre, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunates courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity, why, I never heard of such a thing!" blurted the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. The court concluded his exclamation, the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you damned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose face a gleam of triumph shone. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court, you have outraged the bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your manner. From your attitude of indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst, I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon the table and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother, who had been so long absent, came toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from his throat. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs were braced, and the other, with words clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them:

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother, my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your

who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncontrolled honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules he knew nothing, may I please Your Honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth."

"I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion. Judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent and resentful, and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fibre, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunates courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity, why, I never heard of such a thing!" blurted the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. The court concluded his exclamation, the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you damned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose face a gleam of triumph shone. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court, you have outraged the bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your manner. From your attitude of indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst, I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon the table and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother, who had been so long absent, came toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from his throat. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs were braced, and the other, with words clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them:

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother, my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your

who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncontrolled honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules he knew nothing, may I please Your Honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth."

"I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion. Judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent and resentful, and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fibre, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunates courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity, why, I never heard of such a thing!" blurted the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. The court concluded his exclamation, the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you damned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose face a gleam of triumph shone. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

From 8 to 9 a. m. only.



DRESSING SACQUES.

Percale and lawn dressing sacques, all colors and all sizes, material alone worth double choice

19c

From 9 to 10 a. m. only.



LINEN DRESS SKIRTS.

Tan linen dress skirts, choice of any in house, some sold for \$1.50, all new and desirable styles; choice

95c

From 10 to 11 a. m. only.



All the 50c and 65c Jap Silk Wash Cords and Foulards

19c

About 250 yards left over. All good colors and combinations, to be cleaned up at the hour-out, so come on time. It's a wonderful snap.

From 11 to 12 noon.



50c Lisle and Silk Gloves

19c

All colors and all sizes in broken lines left over from our great clearance sale, now going for one hour only at above price.

From 12 to 1 p. m. only.



\$5 Colored Silk Umbrellas

\$3.25

One of the handsomest novelties of the season in stylish shades, in all the desirable colors, silk cord, tassels and case. To match, natural stick handles. Instead of \$5.00, for one hour only—

\$3.25

2 for 25c

A big saving connected with each item advertised, a grand opportunity to supply your vacation needs at tremendous savings. Whether you are going to the canyons or to the coast you will find most desirable bargain chances here. All broken lines of desirable merchandise left from the great clearance sale to be forced out without ceremony. Read some of the pricings that follow.



Great Sample Line of Ladies' Dress Skirts

Just Received, 150 of them. \$7.50 to \$12.50 values, Choice This Week—

\$4.39

NOT ONE OF THESE WOULD SELL REGULARLY FOR LESS THAN \$7.50 AND SOME AS HIGH AS \$12.50. THIS WILL BE THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON AND WILL INSURE A GREAT SAVING TO ADVENTURERS OF SMART SUMMER WEIGHT DRESS SKIRTS. WE HAVE PURCHASED THE ENTIRE LINE OF AN EXCLUSIVE SKIRT CONCERN KNOWN IN THE COUNTRY AND FOR THEIR EVER-DESIGNS AND DISTINCTIVE STYLES. THESE SKIRTS ARE THE "SMARTEST" STYLES RIGHT OUT OF THE SEASON. A CHOICE OF VARIOUS FANCY, PLAIN AND FANCY SICILIAN, CHEVIOT, BROADCLOTH, FANCY, MIXED TIES, ETC., IN A GREAT VARIETY OF NEW AND PARTICULARLY CHOICE OF THE ENTIRE PURCHASE FOR ONLY—

Stupendous Sacrifice of Wash Fabrics

ALL BROKEN LINES, AND THERE ARE LOTS OF